

# THE LITERARY WORLD.

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Again, tracing the effect of a single day on the fortunes of Greece, he poetically transfers to that moment the whole subsequent history depending upon the event—"When the traveller pauses on the plain of Marathon, what are the emotions which most strongly agitate his breast? Not, I imagine, that Grecian skill and Grecian valor were here most signally displayed, but that Greece herself was saved. \* \* And as his imagination kindles at the retrospect, he is transported back to the interesting moment; he counts the fearful odds of the contending hosts; his interest for the result overwhelms him; he trembles, as if it were still uncertain, and seems to doubt whether he may consider Socrates and Plato, Demosthenes, Sophocles, and Phidias, as secure yet to himself and to the world." This closes up the scene admirably. In another instance, almost on the same page, an enumeration of particulars is less successful; indeed carries us away from the feeling of the sentence. "We feel," says he, "that we are on the spot where the first scene of our history was laid; where the hearths and altars of New England were first placed; where Christianity, and civilization, and letters made their first lodgment,"—thus far we are affected by the solemn, abstract consideration of time, with the more general relations of life, when the effect is weakened by a particular description of the region, in the same sentence, adding—"in a vast extent of country, covered with a wilderness, and peopled by roving barbarians." These circumstances should have entered into another period. There is one memorable instance, however, in which a striking effect is produced by a

word at the end of a long paragraph, clenching the whole argument of the sentence by one powerful blow. It is in the speech on the famous criminal trial of Knapp for the murder of White at Salem, and is one of the best known passages of Mr. Webster's Speeches. He has enumerated the conditions of guilt and detection, the "conscience which makes cowards," when he points the moral in the particular circumstance of the case, the self-destruction in prison of Crown-inshield, one of the accused persons—"with the testimony of one word—suicide. "It must be confessed, it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and *suicide is confession*."

Webster is true to a few grand considerations of human life, which seem always to affect his mind, as the thought of the past, of futurity, of Providence, of the onward movement of national life. In the address at the Laying the Corner Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, he at once rises to the general theme of his occasion:—"We live in what may be called the early age of this great continent; and we know that our posterity, through all time, are here to enjoy and suffer the allotments of humanity." The opening reference to the monument is one of the grandest passages of modern eloquence, and reads to us as if the scene might have been ancient Athens and the object a statue on the Acropolis. Note how an apparently qualifying condition in the following sentence strengthens the very sentiment, to be aggrandized by connecting it with the pathos of everything human, fading, and transitory:—"We trust it may be prosecuted, and that, springing from a broad foundation, rising high in massive solidity and unadorned grandeur, it may remain *as long as Heaven permits the works of man to last*, a fit emblem, &c." The rest of this passage is well known. We will not repeat it, but will only notice the poetizing effect in the introduction of the traveller *at sea*, an incident peculiarly American—preparatory to the enthusiastic elevation of the close:—"We wish that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit."

On occasions of death, the death of distinguished citizens, which it has frequently happened that Mr. Webster has been called upon to announce in the Senate or before the Bar, he is always weighty and reverential; however great the particular instance may be, always looking beyond it. In his remarks before the Suffolk Bar upon the decease of Mr. Justice Story, he has this beautiful illustration:—"Indeed he seems to us now, as in truth he is, not extinguished or ceasing to be, but only withdrawn; as the clear sun goes down at its setting, not darkened, but only no longer seen." At the same time he gave expression to that sentiment of religion which, frequent in his writings, was never more powerfully or pathetically uttered:—"Mr. Chief Justice, one may live as a conqueror, a king, or a magistrate; but he must die as a man. The bed of death brings every human being to his pure individuality; to the intense contemplation of that deepest and most solemn of all relations, the relation between the creature and his Creator. Here

\* The Works of Daniel Webster. 6 vols. Boston: Little & Brown.

it is that fame and renown cannot assist us; that all external things must fail to aid us; that even friends, affection, and human love and devotedness, cannot succor us. This relation, the true foundation of all duty, a relation perceived and felt by conscience and confirmed by revelation, our illustrious friend, now deceased, always acknowledged. He revered the Scriptures of truth, honored the pure morality which they teach, and clung to the hopes of future life which they impart. He beheld enough in nature, in himself, and in all that can be known of things seen, to feel assured that there is a Supreme Power, without whose providence not a sparrow falleth to the ground. To this gracious being he trusted himself for time and for eternity; and the last words of his lips ever heard by mortal ears were a fervent supplication to his Maker to take him to himself.

These instances might be multiplied. It has been our pleasure to note them in some of Mr. Webster's happiest occasional speeches, through these columns in the last few years; and we trust we may yet have additional opportunity to point the attention of the young aspirant for public honors, to the sure methods by which he may add to the applause of the hour, the lasting sanctions of the intellect and the heart. It may be a secret worth studying when we consider that of a thousand printed speeches, as speeches go, perhaps not half a dozen will outlive, in any memorable way, the year which produces them.

To this admirable edition, typographically speaking, of Mr. Webster's Works, Mr. Everett has prefixed a Biographical Memoir, which is a thoroughly well written, clear, useful historical narrative of the leading events and positions of Mr. Webster's career.

#### WORDSWORTH ON THE APOCALYPSE.\*

It is rather disheartening to have to enter upon the examination of a new work on the Book of Revelation. So many interpreters have tried their skill upon this mysterious book, with so little of satisfactory result, that an impression rests upon the minds of numbers of Christian people that the Apocalypse is but a collection of dark, intricate, and unintelligible predictions. Frequently has it happened that the labors of commentators and critics have involved in deeper perplexity than ever the prophetic declarations of the Beloved Disciple: rashness of assertion, ignorance of history, exuberance of imagination, preconceived theories, seasons of excitement, and such like, have led many an interpreter, more zealous than wise, to pronounce dogmatically upon points which are acknowledged to be so by rarely more persons than himself. In truth, the qualifications of an interpreter of Holy Scripture in general are far more important than is usually supposed. It requires learning of the highest order; and not only learning in the languages, in history, in science, but also great wisdom, sobriety of mind, candor of spirit, modesty, and moderation. The plain and clear parts of Scripture must be used to throw light upon the obscure and the difficult portions; and the certain and established doctrines of Christianity must in all cases serve as guides where single passages seem to conflict with these fundamental truths; that interpreta-

tion cannot be correct which militates against a fixed doctrine; the harmony of Holy Writ must be preserved; its perfect consistency must be maintained; hence, when any teaching is set forth, based upon a single or few passages, it is certainly false if it contradicts those established truths of which every portion of the Bible is full. Especially is this so of the prophetic portions of Scripture in general, and of those divine predictions which are yet unfulfilled. If a man will undertake to comment upon unfulfilled prophecy, he must do it with a very deep sense of the responsibility he assumes, and the absolute need of the greatest care and caution, lest he go astray and lead others into error; and on no account must he venture to set forth anything as the teaching of God, which is contrary to what St. Paul aptly terms "the proportion of faith." Here, more than anywhere, sobriety, moderation, charity, patience, learning, and critical skill are needed; and at best, it must be acknowledged that no man can safely dogmatize, or presume to assert that he has, in all cases, truly and fully interpreted the inspired declarations of God's holy word.

The pertinency of these remarks will, we hope, be immediately evident. A learned divine of the Church of England has recently given to the world an elaborate volume of "Lectures on the Apocalypse;" and the question at once suggests itself, has he confined himself to his legitimate duties? has he the needful qualifications? is his book marked by the qualities which it has been said every interpreter ought to possess? or is the reverse true in this as in the case of so many others? We are happy to assure our readers that Dr. Wordsworth's volume is every way worthy of his high reputation for scholarship and theological acumen. His Lectures are clear, methodical, and logical in arrangement; dignified, chaste, and attractive in style; weighty, learned, and convincing in matter; earnest, urgent, and pathetic in exhortation and warning; and abounding in most powerful arguments against the papal doctrines and practices. They will afford great satisfaction to the candid inquirer after truth, although he may not be able to accord with the author in his interpretation of various portions of the Apocalypse, and notwithstanding he may feel that the efforts and skill which have been put forth by the learned Canon of Westminster have not resulted in removing the difficulties and perplexities which seem inherent in every view of the meaning and import of the Book of Revelation as a whole.

It would be quite out of the question here to examine into the correctness of Dr. W.'s interpretation of the various symbols and difficult passages in the Apocalypse. Nor is it necessary. It is sufficient to know that, on the whole, he presents his views with calmness, candor, and evident reasonableness; he appears to have no desire to dogmatize; and in substance he agrees with other, and especially the earlier, interpreters of this mysterious book. In many of the details, however, and in the explanation of particular symbols, names, &c., he differs from a large number of those who have preceded him, and presents various and cogent reasons for the conclusions at which he has arrived. His position as a minister of the Established Church leads him to consider points which can only interest Episcopalians; but with respect to these it is only fair to say

that they seldom occur, and are not at all offensively expressed. We give a brief extract or two as specimens of the author's style and mode of treating the subject:—

#### SOUND VIEWS OF INTERPRETATION.

"We are often blind, but Scripture is always consistent. It is also our duty to expound the dark places of Scripture by the clear ones, and to interpret the single texts of Scripture by the whole proportion of Faith; and therefore we greatly err, if we take up a single chapter of such a mysterious book as the Apocalypse, interpreted by us according to our own notions, and spread it like a thick cloud over the broad light of Scripture, instead of letting in the bright beams of Scripture to illumine and disperse the cloud. We would also remind you of what is too often forgotten, that a wrong interpretation of Scripture is not Scripture; and that it is only the true meaning of the Bible which can properly be called the Bible; and that they cannot be said to be really zealous for the perfection and sufficiency of Holy Writ, who would impose on you their own notions of Scripture as Scripture. They do in fact substitute human imaginations for the Divine Word; and so they make Scripture to be very insufficient and imperfect; and when they speak of Scripture as sufficient and perfect, they are not contending for the sufficiency and perfectness of Scripture, but for the sufficiency and perfectness of their own wit. Therefore let me earnestly exhort you to be on your guard. Exercise your reason; use all the aids of learning; but lean not on your own understanding. Be not carried away by any private notions concerning the sense of an isolated passage of Scripture, but compare spiritual things with spiritual. Remember that Scripture, as a whole, is your Rule of Faith, and receive nothing as the sense of any particular passage which is at variance with this Rule; and since, as we have seen, the doctrine of a Millennium cannot be reconciled with Scripture as a whole, beware how you receive it."

In harmony with these views, which are developed more at length in the second Lecture from which we have quoted, Dr. Wordsworth rejects entirely the notion of a literal reign of Christ upon the earth, for a thousand years, inasmuch as the Creeds of the Church have always set forth as the true doctrine, that when the Lord Jesus comes, He comes to judgment, and the eternal award of happiness to the righteous, and punishment to the wicked. Dr. W. also gives what he considers the true view of the meaning of

#### THE THOUSAND YEARS.

"We affirm that the thousand years are not to be regarded as indicating a fixed period. Indeed the whole teaching of Scripture forbids such an interpretation. It is very certain that the future is uncertain. Prophecy is not an almanac. No one can calculate the world's eclipse. The Great Day will come; but no one can say when that Coming will be. To interpret the thousand years so as to make them indicate a fixed period, is, we repeat, repugnant to the whole teaching of Scripture. 'It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in His own power.' 'The day of the Lord cometh as a thief in the night.' 'Of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only.' Now, if the thousand years in the Apocalypse were a fixed time, these sayings concerning the suddenness of Christ's second coming to judge the quick and dead, would not be true. But they are the sayings of Him who is the Truth; and therefore they are true, as God himself is true. Hence we infer that the word *thousand* is here

\* Lectures on the Apocalypse; Critical, Expository, and Practical. By Chr. Wordsworth, D.D., Canon of Westminster. From the second London edition. Philadelphia: H. Hooker. 1852.



a general one; and by a thousand years in the text, the Holy Spirit does not limit a specific sum any more than when He says, 'Man cannot answer God one of a thousand,' or 'if there be an interpreter, one of a thousand,' that is, one among ALL men. . . . The word *thousand* is used more than twenty times in the Apocalypse, but *not once*, as I believe, is it used literally. It is employed as a *perfect number*."

The learned Canon of Westminster adopts the usual Protestant interpretation concerning Babylon in the Apocalypse. We commend to our readers the careful study of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth Lectures, in which are presented an array of arguments for the view that the Romish Church is the Babylon referred to, that cannot but make a deep impression upon the Christian student, even though he may not be altogether persuaded and convinced of the fact, so eloquently set forth. We quote the concluding paragraphs of the Twelfth Lecture:—

"MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT."

"Heathen Rome persecuting the Church was no mystery. But a *Christian Church*, calling herself the Mother of Christendom, and yet drenched with the blood of Saints—this is indeed a *Mystery*. A *Christian Church*, boasting herself the Bride, and being the Harlot; styling herself Sion, and being Babylon—this is indeed a *Mystery*. A *Mystery* indeed it is, that when she says to all, 'Come unto me,' the voice from heaven should cry, 'Come out of her, my people.' A *Mystery* indeed it is, that she who boasts her sanctity, should become the habitation of devils; that she who claims to be infallible, should be said to corrupt the earth; that a self-named Mother of Churches, should be called by the Spirit the Mother of Abominations; that she who boasts to be indefectible, should one day be destroyed, and that Apostles should rejoice at her fall; that she who holds, as she says, in her hands the Keys of Heaven, should be cast into the lake of fire by Him who has the Keys of hell. All this, in truth, is a great and awful *Mystery*. . . . And now the prophecy became clear, clear as noonday; and we tremble with awe at the sight, while the eye reads the inscription emblazoned in large letters, 'MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT,' written by the hand of St. John, guided by the Spirit of God, on the forehead of the CHURCH OF ROME."

A word or two, in conclusion, to the American publisher. The volume is very well got up, the paper is good, the type clear and legible, and the general execution highly creditable to Dr. Hooker, but we are sorry to say that there are far too many typographical errors, more especially in the quotations from the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. We have before, through the "Literary World," called attention to this point, and while we distinctly disclaim all intention of singling out Wordsworth on the Apocalypse as offending in this particular more than others, for it does not so much as many we could name, we still deem it a matter of simple justice to the author and the purchaser of a book, that the publisher should bring it out correctly, and free from typographical errors, at least to any extent. Publishers would find it to their interest to employ competent persons, acquainted with ancient languages, to read the proofs of books like this of Dr. Wordsworth; for, beside the fact that ordinary printers cannot be expected to bring out Latin and Greek without frequent blunders, it is certain that there is nothing more offensive to the scholar than the vexation

and annoyance of having to wade through quotations from the classics and oriental works so disfigured by errors as to become painful to the eye, and well nigh impossible to understand. Let our friends who reprint English and foreign books think of this.

EDEN ON INJUNCTIONS.\*

THE value and authority of Mr. Eden's work on Injunctions, which has stood the test of thirty years' use and criticism, and has never been superseded, are well known. It is a practical treatise on a most important subject, and as originally published was contained within the compass of a few hundred pages, confined rather to the announcement of principles and the illustration of the practice of the Courts of Equity in this branch of its jurisdiction, than to historical researches or a discussion of adjudged cases. The vast increase of litigation, and the numerous changes in judicial systems and the modes of legal procedure which have kept pace with its growth during the last quarter of a century, and especially the increasing practical importance of that department of the law to which this work relates, has rendered indispensable an enlarged edition, adapted to the present state of the law and the present wants of the profession. The task of making it a complete compendium of the law of Injunctions, as that law now exists and is practically enforced, Mr. Waterman, the American editor (to whose steady labors in that most responsible of spheres, legal authorship, the American bar is under repeated obligations), has accomplished in the present volumes, just issued by Messrs. Banks & Gould. The original Treatise of the English author is preserved entire, and forms the body of the work. Mr. Waterman has added an elaborate Introduction, in which the principles of law relating to Injunctions are discussed, and an immense number of notes, many times exceeding the text in quantity, containing the substance of the English and American decisions upon all the points relating to the subject under discussion. The labor and pains bestowed upon these notes have been very great, and the thoroughness with which the editor has discharged his self-imposed task is worthy of all praise.

The subject of Injunctions affects the rights and interests of all classes of the community, and there is perhaps no branch of legal science so eminently practical and at the same time abounding in so many of the highest results of legal research and ability applied to the conflicting relations of parties. The power of restraining members of the community in the free exercise of their rights, real or supposed, of stopping them in the discharge of duty, or prohibiting their action in any respect, is one of immense moment, requiring the most wise and permanent rules for its guidance and direction. The discretion of an honest judge is not always enough, the weight of established authority must be superadded to insure the proper regulation of this salutary but hazardous engine of modern Equity. This necessity, felt wherever the system of jurisprudence in force permits the granting of Injunctions.

\* A Compendium of the Law and Practice of Injunctions. By the Hon. Robert Henley Eden, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law. With copious Notes and References to the American and English Decisions. Also an Introduction and an Appendix of Practical Forms. By Thomas H. Waterman, Counsellor at Law. Third Edition. 2 vols. New York: Banks, Gould & Co. 1882.

tions or similar remedies, has gradually reduced to an harmonious and complete system the law of Injunctions.

In this State it has become well defined and permanent, and in many of its branches almost venerable. But the constantly unmeaning and varying modifications of society, and the new emergencies which they produce, require an equal constant vigilance in applying to them the established rules of law; and while it is one thing to settle principles, it is quite another thing to apply them. The value of the present work, and its practical utility to the profession, consist in the embodiment which it presents of the principles and established data which have become the groundwork of the equitable system of Injunction law in this country, and which are hereafter to govern in the various cases which present themselves.

QUEECHY.\*

"ALL WOMEN," says the author of Falkenburg, "are born mothers," and this saying we have noticed the more particularly as being the only noticeable thing in the book. At first, we must confess, it puzzled our brain not a little, for we, in our ignorance, had fondly supposed that all women were born daughters, and did not know but that the writer might have suffered lately from an attack of vertigo, or perhaps witnessed the exploits of some gentleman who, having spent a lifetime, and exhausted all the means and appliances of science in the attempt, had at last succeeded in proving that a man is quite as clever an animal as a fly, and can walk on his head as surely, if not exactly as fast; and so, having the topsy-turviness reflected in her own mind, she had turned her axiom upside down. Being, however, brought down to hard thinking upon the subject, we commenced a critical examination of the manners and customs prevalent among the softer sex; and soon discovered that before young ladies have fairly migrated from the cradle a doll usurps the first place in their affections, and retains it until the genuine article ousts the counterfeit; and that it does so as soon as possible and convenient. We further observed that when the latter is not attainable, a pug, puss, or parrot is adopted in imitation, and having thus far observed, were prepared to cry "Peccavi," and own that women were born mothers, after all.

To this peculiarity it is that the author's last work, "The Wide, Wide World," owes its world-wide success. Cast carelessly upon the swelling tide of literature, to sink or to swim, not by its own merits or shortcomings, but according to the direction the current might chance to take; unassisted by favorable puff of editorial breeze, unaided by any steam-tug of a magazine, it might have gone down, been carried fairly to sea, or stranded upon the Cannibal Islands, inhabited by the community of trunk-makers, had not the women espied poor, sensitive little Ellen drifting about in the barque and rushed en masse to her rescue.

How well the book deserved the favorable reception that it has met with, it is needless for us to say, but a careful examination of "Queechy" will, we think, convince her admirers that in her former work she was but pluming her wings for a bolder flight, and that in pursuing it she has but little to fear from an Icarian tumble.

\* Queechy. By Elizabeth Weithell, Author of the "Wide, Wide World." New York: Putnam.

"Queechy" is not the name of an antiquated nurse or family servant, but of a charming spot hidden away from mortal ken in reality, although very plainly visible upon the author's canvas. The heroine is a character even more lovely than Ellen, but of a somewhat different cast, a helpful, hopeful, self-sacrificing woman. The numerous Down-Easters that are put upon the stage are perfect, true to the life, and equally free from flattery or caricature. The spark of humor that gleamed around "Miss Fortune," and illuminated the sturdy "Van Brunt," has in the present book broken fairly out into a blaze; and what with the humor of one scene and the pathos of the next, the reader—especially if a female—is constantly vibrating between a smile and a tear. It is impossible to notice many of the personages that well deserve it, and the whole affair is so clever, that we scarce know where to select a quotation; but without prejudice to the others, will first introduce Mr. Philetus Skillcorn, a young gentleman whose head might have profited from an acquaintance with the ovens of those gentlemen who advertise to do "family baking."

## PHILETUS AT THE DONATION PARTY.

"Both ear and eye were fastened by a young countryman with a particularly fresh face, whom she saw approaching the house. He came up on foot, carrying a single fowl slung at his back by a stick thrown across his shoulder; and without stirring hat or stick, he came into the room and made his way through the crowd of people, looking to the one hand and the other evidently in a maze of doubt to whom he should deliver himself and his chicken, till brought up by Mrs. Douglass's sharp voice.

"Well, Philetus, what are you looking for?"

"Do, Mis' Douglass!"—it is impossible to express the abortive attempt at a bow which accompanied the salutation,—"I want to know if the minister'll be in town to-day?"

"What do you want of him?"

"I don't want nothin' of him. I want to know if he'll be in town to-day?"

"Yes—I expect he'll be along directly—why, what then?"

"Cause I've got ten chickens for him here, and mother said they hadn't ought to be kept no longer, and if he wa'n't to hum I were to fetch 'em back straight!"

"Well, he'll be here; so let's have 'em," said Mrs. Douglass, biting her lips.

"What's become o' t'other one?" said Earl, as the young man's stick was brought round to the table;—"I guess you've lost it, ha'n't you?"

"My gracious!" was all Philetus's powers were equal to.

"Mrs. Douglass went off into fits, which rendered her incapable of speaking and left the unlucky chicken-bearer to tell his story his own way, but all he brought forth was 'Du tell!—I am beat!'"

"Where's t'other one?" said Mrs. Douglass, between paroxysms.

"Why, I ha'n't done nothin' to it," said Philetus, dismally,—"there was ten on 'em afore I started, and I took and tied 'em together and hitched 'em on to the stick, and that one must ha' loosened itself off some way—I believe the darned thing did it a' purpose."

"I guess your mother know'd that one wouldn't keep till it got here," said Mrs. Douglass.

## A BAD SNAP, OR PHILETUS IN A TIGHT PLACE.

"I was just thinking of coming out here," said Fleda, her eyes flashing with hidden fun,—"and Hugh and I were both standing in the

kitchen, when we heard a tremendous shout from the wood-yard. Don't laugh, or I can't go on. We all ran out, towards the lantern which we saw standing there, and so soon as we got near we heard Philetus singing out, 'Ho, Miss Elster! I'm dreadfully on't!' Why he called upon Barby I don't know, unless from some notion of her general efficiency, though to be sure he was nearer her than the sap-boilers, and thought, perhaps, her aid would come quickest. And he was in a hurry, for the cries came thick,—"Miss Elster!—here!—I'm dreadfully on't!"

"I don't understand—"

"No," said Fleda, whose amusement seemed to be increased by the gentleman's want of understanding,—"and neither did we till we came up to him. The silly fellow had been sent up for more wood, and splitting a log he had put his hand in to keep the cleft instead of a wedge, and when he took out the axe the wood pinched him; and he had the fate of Milo before his eyes, I suppose, and could do nothing but roar. You should have seen the supreme indignation with which Barby took the axe and released him with—"You're a smart man, Mr. Skilleorn!"

Equally graphic are the sketches of those in a higher walk of life; the managing, smooth-tongued Mrs. Evelyn and her daughters; Carleton, the Admirable Crichton of the book; the humorist Dr. Gregory; the fiery Captain Rossiter; the malignant Thorn; and the gentle Hugh, all prove the close observation and the skilful handling of the author. We will barely glance at the city lady and the "help;"—

## "BARBY" ON FASHIONABLE ATTIRE.

"I don't know who it is! It's one of your highflyers, that's all I can make out. She 'a'n't a hat a bit better than a man's beaver,—one'd think she had stole her little brother's for a spree, if the rest of her dress was like common folks; but she's got a tail to her dress as long as from here to Queechy Run; and she's been tiddling in and out here with it puckered up under her arm sixty times. I guess she belongs to some company of female militia, for the body of it is all thick with braid and buttons. I believe she ha'n't sot still five minutes since she came into the house, till I don't know whether I am on my head or my heels."

## MISS EVELYN ON AGRICULTURE.

"We were conversing very amicably, regarding each other through a friendly vista formed by the sugar-bowl and teapot, when a horrid man, that looked as if he had slept all his life in a hay-cock and only waked up to turn over, stuck his head in and immediately introduced a clover-field; and Fleda and he went to tumbling about the cocks till I do assure you I was deluded into a momentary belief that hay-making was the principal end of human nature, and looked upon myself as a burden to society; and after I had recovered my locality and ventured upon a sentence of gentle commiseration for his sufferings, Fleda went off into a eulogium upon the intelligence of hay-makers in general, and the strength of mind barbarians are universally known to possess."

A pretty sketch, although possessing more of shade than light, is

## FLEDA AT QUEECHY RUN.

"She stopped a moment when she came upon the bridge, to look off to the right where the waters of the little run came hurrying along through a narrow wooded chasm in the hill, murmuring to her of the time when a little child's feet had paused there, and a child's heart danced to its music. The freshness of

its song was unchanged, the glad rush of its waters was as joyous as ever, but the spirits were quieted that used to answer it with sweeter freshness and lighter joyousness. Its faint echo of the old-time laugh was blended now in Fleda's ear with a gentle wail for the rushing days and swifter fleeing delights of human life;—gentle, faint, but clear,—she could hear it very well. Taking up her walk again with a step yet slower and a brow yet more quiet, she went on till she came in sight of the little mill; and presently above the noise of the brook could hear the saw going. To her childish ears what a signal of pleasure that had always been; and now,—she sighed, and stopping at a little distance looked for Hugh."

Although perhaps too diffuse to please the hypercritical stickler for strictly artistic construction, and without claim to merit for much originality of design or intricacy of plot, yet the simple beauty and deep interest, enlivened by true humor, the unobtrusive but earnest spirit of piety and truth that pervade Queechy, commend it to all, and especially to the young. Diffuse though it be, few of its readers would deprive it of a page.

## GAETIES AND GRAVITIES.\*

HORACE SMITH has taken his place permanently among the wits by his share in the exquisite burlesques, those imitations with an original flavor of their own, the Rejected Addresses. A writer, it was evident, who could enter with so much feeling and gusto even into the manner of the best authors of the 19th century, must have some secret reservoirs of his own. Some half dozen novels, and this collection of Gaeties and Gravities, prove this of Horace Smith. He is a poet in his own right, and a humorist of the first order at his own table.

There are two or three strings which he plays upon to admiration.

One is a series of fanciful, historical surveys in his well-known poem, the "Address to the Mummy at Belzoni's Exhibition," the lines on the "Orange Tree at Versailles," the "Alabaster Sarcophagus, &c."

Another is a love of nature, which, discoursing of flowers and gardens, would do honor to Cowley and Evelyn.

Parallel with this is a gallant and sentimental regard for womanhood, childhood, and the universal relations of life, while the wit is always throwing in an anecdote, a story, or biting jest to relieve the insipidity of the amiable affections.

Any half dozen pages will furnish illustrations of all these things.

For the fond perception of nature take—

## THE FIRST OF MARCH.

"The bud is in the bough, and the leaf is in the bud,  
And Earth's beginning now in her veins to feel the blood,  
Which, warmed by summer suns in th' alembic of the vine,  
From her founts will overrun in a ruddy gush of wine.

"The perfume and the bloom that shall decorate the flower,  
Are quickening in the gloom of their subterranean bower;  
And the juices meant to feed trees, vegetables, fruits,  
Unerringly proceed to their pre-appointed roots.

\* Gaeties and Gravities. By Horace Smith, one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses." Appleton's Popular Library of the Best Authors.



"How awful is the thought of the wonders underground,  
Of the mystic changes wrought in the silent,  
dark profound;  
How each thing upward tends by necessity decreed,  
And a world's support depends on the shooting of a seed!

"The Summer's in her ark, and this sunny-pinioned day  
Is commissioned to remark whether Winter holds her sway:  
Go back, thou dove of peace, with the myrtle on thy wing,  
Say that floods and tempests cease, and the world is ripe for Spring.

"Thou hast fanned the sleeping Earth till her dreams are all of flowers,  
And the waters look in mirth for their overhanging bowers;  
The forest seems to listen for the rustle of its leaves,  
And the very skies to glisten in the hope of summer eves.

"Thy vivifying spell has been felt beneath the wave,  
By the dormouse in its cell, and the mole within its cave;  
And the summer tribes that creep, or in air expand their wing,  
Have started from their sleep at the summons of the Spring.

"The cattle lift their voices from the valleys and the hills,  
And the feathered race rejoices with a gush of tuneful bills;  
And if this cloudless arch fills the poet's song with glee,  
O thou sunny first of March, be it dedicate to thee.

For a bit of genuine humor, the dinner-table scene in the "Memoirs of a Haunch of Mutton:"—

#### A NOS MOUTONS.

"Sir Peter sat at the head of the table, and as Philip the servant was about to remove the cover, laid his hand upon his arm to stop him, until he was provided with a hot plate, vegetables, and sweet sauce, so as to be all ready for the attack when the trenches were opened. 'Beautiful!' he exclaimed, as the joint was revealed to him; 'done to a turn—admirably frothed up!' So exclaiming, he helped himself plentifully to the best part, and pushing away the dish, said, 'he had no doubt the others would rather help themselves.' Mr. Rule, who had not yet achieved independence enough to be clownish, volunteered to supply his neighbors, which he did so clumsily, that Harry declared he should never be his joint executor; and Mr. Blewett applied his more experienced hand to the task. For the first ten minutes so much went into the Baronet's mouth that there was no room for a single word to come out; but, as his voracity became gratified, he found leisure to ask his guests to drink wine, and to cackle at intervals what he termed some of his good stories. 'Clever fellow, King Charles: they called him the mutton-eating King, didn't they?—cut off his head, though, for all that—stopped his mutton-eating, egad! I say, Billy, did I tell you what I said t'other day to Tommy Daw, the bill-broker? Tommy's a Bristol man, you know: well, I went down to Bristol about our ship, the Fanny, that got ashore there.' 'The Fanny, Capt. Tyson, was in Dock at the time,' interrupted Rule; 'it was the Adventure, Capt. Hacklestone, that got ashore.' 'Well, well, never mind—where was I?—O, ay;—so says Tommy to me when I came back, is Betsey Bayley as handsome as ever? who bears the bell now at Bristol? Why, says I—the bellman, to be sure!—Ha! ha! ha! ha!—

Egad, I thought Tommy would have burst his sides with laughing. Who bears the bell at Bristol? says he. Why, the bellman, says I. Capital, wasn't it? 'Capital!' ejaculated Mr. Rule, with a most decisive energy.

"It's a pity this stewed beefsteak at the bottom should be wasted," said Blewett; 'nobody tastes it.' 'It won't be wasted,' replied Harry, 'it economizes our dinner.' 'How so? 'Because it serves to make both ends meet.' 'Aha! Billy,' roared the Baronet, 'he had you there. I told you Harry didn't go to College for nothing.' 'By the bye, Sir,' continued the nephew, 'did you ever hear of Shakspeare's receipt for dressing a beefsteak?' 'Shakspeare!—no—the best I ever ate were at Dolly's; but what is it?' 'Why, sir, he puts it into the mouth of Macbeth, where he makes him exclaim—"If it were done, when 'tis done, then it were well 'twere done quickly.'" 'Good! good!' cackled the Baronet, 'but I said a better thing than Shakspeare last week. You know Jack Foster, the common councilman, ugly as Buckhorse—gives famous wine though; well, we were talking about the best tavern (I'll thank you for some sweet sauce, Mr. Rule); and so says I—(and a little of the brown fat, if you please)—and so says I—Jack, I never see your face without thinking of a good dinner.' 'Why so?' says Jack. 'Because it's ordinary every day at two o'clock,' says I. Here the Baronet was seized with such a violent fit of laughter, that it brought on an alarming attack of coughing and expectoration; but he no sooner recovered breath enough than he valiantly repeated, 'Why, so, Jack! Because it's ordinary at two o'clock, says I.' which he followed up with a new cackle, while Mr. Rule delivered himself most dogmatically of another 'Capital!' and relapsed into his usual solemnity.

"The greatest compliment ever offered to this joint," returned the nephew, 'proceeded from a popular actor now living, who deemed it the *ne plus ultra* of epicurism. Having been a long time in London without seeing Richmond Hill, he was taken by some friends to enjoy that noble view, then in the perfection of its summer beauty. The day was fine—everything propitious: they led him up the hill and along the dead wall till he reached the Terrace, where the whole glorious vision burst upon him with such an overpowering effect, that he could only exclaim, in the intensity of his ecstasy—"A perfect Haunch, by Heaven!"'

There is a vast deal of fun, too, in the old Charles Mathews "Trip to Calais," and the proceedings of the Houndsditch Literary Soirées; and a touching pathos in the review of human life, in the subdued tone and temper of the concluding paper, the "Portrait of a Septuagenary."

#### A SURVEY OF THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

[Concluded from our last Number.]

#### VIII. With the Home Author.

A New Copyright Act, recognizing, in a substantial way, a property in Literature, and allowing it to be worthy of the notice of the National Legislature, will confer a new dignity on the pursuit of Letters, here at home. The elements now scattered and scattering will gather themselves, and a hopeful era in Literature may fairly begin. There can be no surer basis on which to build a permanent craft of writers, than the recognition of Property in books by a grave and deliberate law. It brings the pursuit of the author home to the common apprehension of mankind; plants it on the common standards of value, known and believed in by the world. It takes the

business of Literature (so far) out of the dim, shadowy, uncertain tenure in which it has lived, and fixes it among Realities, and assured, substantial Things. It begins to say: The author is no longer the pensioner of the public, but a plain, fair dealer, who has to sell, and seeks a buyer. Under the literary relations of two countries, the New Act lays broad its ground, and the Home Author begins to build on a bottom which may endure. The Question is determined—the spirit of confusion is laid—and he proceeds to plan, to hope, to act for a Better Future than had yet brightened on him. He finds himself in the field abreast with the foreign writer, standing under the same light, surrounded by the same listeners, and aiming at the same good-will. Whatever good impulses dwell in him cannot fail to be stirred by such an appeal. The trial is a fair one; he knows all its conditions, all its circumstances, cannot be thrown out by the interference of impertinent parties—and let him address himself to it accordingly. If he sleeps, it is of his own accord; if he writes, it is to find the world broad awake, attentive to what he would have to say. All he coins shall be his, a permanent fund of honor and renown, subject to no diminution or withdrawal by casual or capricious hands. And may there not be reasonably cast into this precious treasury, stray-gifts of the National heart? some tokens of homely good-will and brotherly regard? The author, as he is a man, and as other men, has home-affections which whisper to him, and persuade and impel him; and to which he would fain give a kindly regard! But if he is driven to feel that he is an alien among his countrymen, an outcast among his people, who will do him no honor, and who will seek to crush him through the law, what wonder if there spring up in his heart repinings, and bitterness, and evil thoughts, toward the land of his birth? What wonder if he should come to cast his eye beyond the horizon of the country which hems in false legislators and thankless oppressors, and to stand apart from his countrymen in all that concerns their common good? He loves his country, but it is as a country of justice and honor, and of equal, faithful guardianship over all its children. A New Act, an act laid in Honor, and Truth, and Right, will bind the home author to his country, and make him proud of its service.

#### IX. With the Home Publisher.

A New Copyright Act will separate, at a very early moment, if not on the instant, all such as desire to pursue a legitimate, regular publishing business, into a class by themselves. It will, by its operation, direct and moral, create throughout the country a body of publishers anxious to engage in the business of book-publishing in a higher spirit, and to continue in it with the reasonable hope of profit and character. They will not expect to hold their gains or their good name at the mercy of chance or casualty. The law will empower them to stand by themselves; and into all their purposes and doings, the great principle of Copyright (the soul and life of the business of publishing) will enter to bind and compact it together. And this will enable the whole country, as it should, to have its centres of publication: copyrights, more or less valuable, would be lured to settle in districts and neighborhoods now unapproached by their blessed potency

and the firmament of the Union would twinkle with the light of a thousand joyful orbits. Great cities, by a natural process of concentration, will at all times gather to themselves the bulk of interests of this kind; but accident (the chance arrival of a foreign ship, to wit) should not determine the point—and there is no reason why far places should not bask and grow cheerful in the genial rays of Copyright. Another and a broader and higher result may be required of a New Copyright Act. The world of publication is rapidly closing into one vast market, which must be governed by one rule and have one law, or it will fall into irretrievable disorder—where the home publisher may find himself the keenest sufferer. His property, of whatever nature, is now, at all times, open to invasion, and he brings himself into collision with the great European world of publication, which is too sweeping and impracticable for him to deal with. His interests are assailed under his very eye; his property borne off, with entire impunity. No appeal lies open to him to other countries—for protection, as matters now stand. A mighty inter-communication must arise between the two Continents in the traffic of books, and, unless placed under sanction of law, we may look for infractions of Right, breaches of Truth, mutilations of property, misuse of men's names, and a wholesale defiance of decorum, with which no other traffic in the wide world will be able to contend. A great part of the business of publishing in the country has been conducted on a false principle; and it must be righted by law, or go on tumbling, from day to day, into wilder confusion—with occasional, delusive flashes of another spirit.

#### X. With the Public.

And how will this New Act operate upon the people at large, upon the readers of the country? Is it to be a restraining law to hold them in from procuring such books as they desire? is it to be a chain and shackle upon the free circulation of books? Not a whit, not a whit! Books, no fewer in number, no less in variety than now. But it is to help them under the wise sanction of a just law, to discriminate, to pause, to judge—before they encourage and procure. The law will, in its silent and emphatic action, stamp with its approval whatever is worthy of it: it will draw the line between Good and Bad; it will place the seal on the broad business of the circulation of books, and the public will be called as witnesses and as parties, to see that the trial between them is fairly adjudicated. And in this discrimination, neither the law nor the public will want helpers. In the authors of the country, it will raise up a band of friends, of guides and guardians, to teach and to show the light. By them, it will lose nothing of all its present advantages; through them, it will gain all it should honestly desire to gain. It will find itself, not, as at present, hurried at one time in one direction, overborne by Fact, or Fiction, or Philosophy; at another time in another, as the new publishing cry is raised, but advancing in a steady and equal progress towards that general cultivation which is the safe-guard of a free people. And out of all that is sown upon the land of good and worthy reading, there will shoot up the manly spirit of the soil, to make all its own. The national heart will not be overlaid by the foreign strength, but will take to itself, for nutriment and new force, all that comes, ac-

cepted of its judgment. It will have friends at home and abroad, the cheap, the safe, the boundless friendship of the silent book, speaking at all hours in its behalf, and making its plea in far lands, where the foot of the traveller and the citizen has never wandered!

#### XI. Conclusion.

Who, then, these points being determined, has rights in the subject matter of this application, to be injuriously affected or interfered with by a New Copyright Bill? The authors of the country? The publishers? The public?—Not one of them, in the light of its true interest and its best aims. As parties having mutual and constant relations with each other, taking counsel from time to time, each with each, and leaning on each other for support, not one of them, but may welcome this New Act, and send it on its path with blessing and God speed. There must then be discovered some other party in opposition, some one or other, as expounder of hostile positions, as plea-maker for the contrary, and as obstructor of legislation in this behalf. Who are its opponents? Under what name do they hail? In what order of business, pursuit or calling do they class themselves? By what title or designation would they be known in the law? If they are a class, let us look at and count them. If they act in bodies, let us know how we shall address them. Wanting in all these incidents, incapable of definition or description, it must be that they are uncertain in their pursuits, unknown to the law, incapable of a settled and comely front of opposition. Have they sent in memorials against this Bill? And how do these memorials run? In what form of speech, in what plausibility of expression do they indulge, and what face do they put on when they present a declaration (if they have drawn it) to the effect that the property of the author is open to plunder, by all, by the laws of the land?

The truth is there can be no such thing as a permanent, consistent and sustained opposition to an equal and universal law of Copyright. It is not in the nature of things that there should be. Whoever directs himself to the business of interference with the works of foreign authors will, in due course of time, be interfered with himself; for this tree of evil bears constantly new fruit by which the old race perishes, and the new lives. A business done in the face of the Copyright Law must always be shifting. There is no power by which it can be held in the same hands for a series of years; it is entered upon as a hazardous pursuit, conducted in the spirit of such a pursuit, and with all the reckless daring and rash expedients which belong to it. It can never, in its very nature, call for protection, for it is its sole and fixed aim to fly in the face of protection. It must always be irresponsible, because it defies responsibility to the higher principles above the law, to which most men are willing to yield some show of obedience. It is an opposition which cannot describe itself, which cannot cohere, which cannot petition, which cannot live. Let the end, then, come to a disorder more disastrous than the wreck of vessels, the overthrow of walls of defence, and the scattering of armies. These are evils that end with themselves. Let the mighty spirit of Law march among the elements of confusion; and with the pointing of its welcome finger, allay the ruin that rises, a massed Uproar, on every side. In the

Copyright—broad, comprehensive, just,—we live; in its violation, we die at the heart, and perish in mid-career. Let the great gate be opened, that the Right may pass through, and let statesmen no longer hold in a dungeon-bondage the spirit of Peace and Beauty that seeks to walk abroad and bless the land. The hour of Appeal passes rapidly away; the hour of Retribution swells darkly towards us—and at the next motion of the sea, it may break against the muni-ments of our strength and our hope, and lay them to the earth. Again, again the solemn Petition is offered; the Prayer for a great duty and a great deliverance is made—once again!

CORNELIUS MATHEWS.

#### FANCIES OF A WHIMSICAL MAN.\*

THESE books are evidently the productions of a young writer, and bear on every page traces of the eagerness of talent, crossed and frequently marred by inexperience and immaturity. With humor in passages, and a disposition to select subjects out of his own range of observation, these volumes justify the author in pursuing his culture, and practice as a writer. Freshness and enthusiasm will readily carry us through whatever he may in his own independent way present to us. Nothing but time and patient trial are needed to secure for the author of the "Fancies" and "Musings" a very handsome position—in the which achievement we wish him prosperity and an early success. We give, by way of extract, part of Dr. Burton's Toodle Lecture:—

"It may be objected, perhaps, that this great effort is somewhat deficient in earnestness; that the tale is a little too much adorned, and the moral not quite sharply enough pointed. It may be so. We certainly do laugh at, much more than we weep over, the backsliding Timothy; and yet, Toodle cuts a very shabby, sorry figure. The exhibition he makes of himself is 'pitiful, is wondrous pitiful;' but oh, how funny, how irresistibly, how overwhelmingly funny! Could Father Mathew himself have kept his countenance, had he seen him? Nay, could a malefactor within sight of the gallows-tree have withheld a stray grin or two, had he met such a phenomenon on the road? It is impossible to render any justice, by description, to the merits of this elaborate, this artistic performance. Who can ever forget those most extraordinary faces and movements! those gloves, with the undiscovered thumbs; that bewildering end of his cravat, at once a mystery to himself and a torment to Mrs. T.; that fallen hat, so curiously contemplated, so faithfully toiled after, and, at last, so triumphantly secured; that touching announcement of the coffin purchase; and, above all, those indescribable mental wanderings relative to that man he knew? 'Tis indeed a consummate piece of art. Is it possible that Munden himself could have surpassed it? I don't believe it. Brother B. may certainly lay claim to the very highest honors of his profession. Uniformly good, he is at times very, very great; a little coarse perhaps, sometimes, but sound as a nut at bottom. Surely such a man is a great benefactor to his fellow-citizens. Who can tell how much he has contributed to their good humor, and consequent good health! How many fits of the blues has he driven off! How many young Dyspepsias has he nipped in the bud! How many mental fog-banks has he dispersed! How many suicides, perhaps, has he prevented! Long may he be spared to Gotham! Long may he continue to keep poking his jokes at the public, and the public to keep poking its half dollars at him! Far distant be

\* Fancies of a Whimsical Man. By the Author of "Musings of an Invalid." New York: John S. Taylor.



the day when the public shall say to him, or to his able coadjutors, 'None of your fun!' Meanwhile let him keep it up lively and sparkling as his own celebrated Ale! let him keep driving off the blues as effectually, as his illustrious namesake anatomised them profoundly."

*The Iconographic Encyclopedia of Science, Literature, and Art*; systematically arranged by G. Heck. Translated and edited by Spencer F. Baird, A.M., M.D. 4 vols. 8vo. and 2 vols. 4to. Rudolph Garrigue, 2 Barclay street, Astor House. (Third Edition.)

*A Short Account of the Iconographic Encyclopedia.* R. Garrigue.

THE sale of two editions within less than six months of its completion is an evidence of extraordinary success for a work which is not only above the usual standard of the general reader, but beyond the capacity of the general purse. The third edition, now just published, would have been issued some two months earlier, but for a fire in the printing-office, which destroyed twelve hundred pages of the stereotype plates. These have been replaced with the greatest promptitude; and as the demand for the work is increasing the publisher may very fairly look forward for some return for the labor and capital expended in the preparation of the work, and for the loss so unfortunately incurred at a moment when it was thought every difficulty was surmounted. For an extended review of the *Iconographic Encyclopedia* our readers are referred to a previous number of the *Literary World* (No. 252). A pamphlet explanatory of the plan, contents, system of references, &c., has been prepared by the publisher, and may be had on application at No. 2 Barclay street. It is a useful guide, and will save much time and trouble.

#### MUSICAL.

*Eulalie.* A Song by H. S. Cornwell. Music by G. C. Foster.

*The Elena Polka.* Composed and arranged by H. Kreber.

*Fading Flowers.* A Song by Clarence May. Music by Wm. Mason.

*Old Folks at Home.* An Ethiopian Melody. By E. P. Christy.

*Off for Baltimore.* An Ethiopian Melody by Wm. Donaldson and B. E. Woolf.

THE above are just from the presses of Messrs. FIRM, POND & Co., Music Publishers, Franklin Square. The pieces have an average merit, and are presented in a superior dress of paper and typography. This firm has sent us their Supplementary Catalogue also just issued. It contains over 700 pieces of music, Songs, Rondos, Polkas, Waltzes, Quartettes, for the voice, piano-forte, guitar, &c. Many of them are old and popular pieces and many new and good ones, introduced by the advents of Jenny Lind, Miss Hayes, and Mad. Bonchelle, or not known till recently; such as Kucken's, Guernsey's, Benedict's, Wallace's, and Lavenu's compositions, for instance.

Mr. Eisfeld's Classical Quartette Soiree, the sixth and last of the season, comes off this evening, as advertised, at the Apollo Rooms.

The farewell concert of Madame Otto Goldschmidt (late Madlle. Jenny Lind), will take place on the 18th, 21st, and 24th of this month. The announcement promises a treat, as, besides the host-drawing name at their head and Otto Goldschmidt, Badiali, Burke, and Appy, who will assist, there has been engaged an orchestra of Eighty performers, numbering the best talent in the city, which will be under the direction of that unostentatious and effective leader, Theodore Eisfeld.

The "Musical World," published weekly at Boston and edited by J. S. Dwight, Esq., commenced a few weeks since, will secure a footing as the best musical publication of this

country, if it be kept up to the standard presented by its own pages so far as regards musical events, critiques, notices, biography, and other entertaining details, and a record of the literature of music. The giving special attention to American cultivation and improvement, ought, certainly, to make this journal strong and of the first importance. The city which calls itself the residing place of music in the United States should alone be responsible for the support of the taste and ability engaged on it; but a much wider circle have an interest in the subject, and may be looked to in this direction and from New Orleans to Cincinnati.

The simple but effective instrument—the Guitar—is becoming more and more popular in its use with us. Although many times in fashion and out of fashion, yet, since the date we read of the idea of its construction being obtained from the Moors by the Spaniards, and so great a popularity in Portugal that, after a certain battle, some 14,000 were found upon the field: its adoption by the French and Germans, and being so much the rage in England as to oust Harpsichords entirely; since those times to the present day, experiencing only a few alterations, it has always been retained in use. As a means of accompaniment, in its easiest handling, it is pleasing and sufficient; on the other hand, beyond what brilliant execution we have heard from various professors, a performer, we are told, a number of years since in London could accomplish a voluntary producing all the fullness of sounds, stops, &c., in miniature of course, with the effect and in the style of the grand organ!

Until within a few years, most of the guitars used in the United States were imported from France and Germany—some few from Spain. Those of French and German make, though very pretty in outward appearance, were weak in tone, and the severe changes in our climate caused them to crack and open. The Spanish guitar, though very much superior in point of tone, became also generally affected by the same cause. From the necessity, then, commencing their manufacture for ourselves, the result has been a perfection attained equalling our successes in the manufacture of the finest pianos. We were shown a guitar, before it was sent to the Great Exhibition, which was made in this city by a friend. Without the slightest ornament, and of the ordinary wood, the skill and time employed in elaborating it had cost \$75.

In manufacturing their Guitars, Messrs. Hall & Son have taken the Spanish model, and they have succeeded in preserving richness of tone, with all the requisites of lightness, beauty, and power to stand the tests of climate; added to which, they have invented a patent head, pronounced to be a great improvement. They finish with the still greater improvement of a good instrument at a low price. *Cost, all know, affects even the practice of music.*

Donizetti's "I Martiri" (the Martyrs), which, from its character may be termed the Italian Huguenots, has been published entire, including piano-forte arrangements, by R. Cocks & Co.

#### WEIGHT AND WORTH.

An old rusty iron chest in a banker's shop, strongly locked, and wonderfully heavy, is full of gold. This is the general opinion; neither can it be disproved, provided the key be lost, and what is in it be wedged so close that it will not, by any motion, discover the metal by clinking. *Swift.*

Lady H. Stanhope records that Pitt had more faith in a man who jested easily, than in one who spoke and looked grave and weighty; for the first moved by some spring of his own within, but the latter might be only a buckram cover well stuffed with others' wisdom. *Polonius.*

#### MARKS AND REMARKS.

RICHARD H. DANA, JR., at an ecclesiastical trial in Boston, the other day, in the case of the Rev. Mr. Prescott, took occasion at once to honor the memory of an eminent friend, and a principle too often violated in this country—that by which a man's character, his "good name," is his own personal property, which is to be protected, and the enjoyment of which is to be secured to him against impertinence and scandal. The *odium theologicum* is not the only evil of this kind; it infects every department of life. "There is a passion," said Mr. Dana, "known among men, as the most implacable, the most eager, the most remorseless of passions—a moral curiosity, designated by psychologists as the *odium theologicum*."

"Nothing short of this could have inspired and directed the efforts of the prosecution in the present case. This passion lives and thrives on the slightest possible food. It feeds on air. Public rumour is quite substantial enough for its richest diet. It is confessedly on public rumour alone that this prosecution is based. The learned counsel, in defending the presentment against my exceptions, said that the charges were as specific as the committee could make them, considering that they had not been able to see the witnesses, to get at the first sources of information. He said that they had a right to found charges upon public rumour; that public rumor has been, from the earliest ages, a sufficient foundation for proceedings against a clergyman; that a clergyman must be beyond reproach as well as clear of offence; and that it was no injury to him to be called upon to come forward and exculpate himself; but that he ought rather to be grateful for the opportunity. But, may it please your reverences, I have otherwise read the book of human nature. I have always heard it said, that a man could not wish his worst enemy a worse fate than that his character should be the subject of a defence. I had looked upon mere public rumor as of the sins of the tongue let loose, soulless, bodiless, irresponsible, false and fleeting, a common strumpet, the slave of every lust. But the eager and persecuting spirit of party theology has made her an ally, taken her to its bosom, and on her false breath founded its attack upon the character, name, usefulness of a brother!

"Public rumor! I was educated to despise it. A sound, well considered public opinion, on a subject upon which public opinion can intelligently act, I regard with due respect; but mere rumour I should be ashamed to own as a motive for one action of my life. When the counsel for the prosecution passed his eulogy on the memory of the late Dr. Croswell, I could not but think what a rebuke his life was to public rumor. If ever a man was the destined victim of public rumor, that man was William Croswell! Not left to its low haunts, but elevated to the dignity of Episcopal sanction, promulgated by Episcopal proclamation, [of the general or canonical propriety of which I do not now wish to speak.] it charged him with 'degrading the character of the Church, and periling the souls of our people.' But, in patience and confidence, he lived it all down! He went forward in the daily discharge of his noble duties, in daily prayers, daily public service, daily ministrations to the poor, and sick and afflicted, not without much suffering from the relentless attacks on his name and usefulness,

sufferings which shortened his days on earth; and the daily beauty of his life made ugly the countenance of detraction and defamation. Public confidence, a plant of slow growth, grew about him. Public justice was rendered to him, without a movement of his own. He fell at his post, with all his armor on!

"About the time of the evening sacrifice the angel touched him, and he was called away! He fell, with his face to the altar, with benediction on his lips, surrounded by an almost adoring congregation, mourned by an entire community. All men rose up and called him blessed. From the distinguished rector of St. Paul's Church, in his noble sermon from the text "My father! my father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof," to the humblest orphan child in the obscure alley, who missed his daily returning visit,—all, all, with one accord, sent up their voices as incense to heaven: I had the honor and privilege to be one of the few who, seven years before that day, received him on his entrance into the city to take charge of his infant parish. I am proud and grateful to remember that I was one of those on whom, in his long struggle, in a measure, according to my ability, he leaned for support. And seven years almost, I believe quite, to the very day, I had the melancholy privilege, with that same company, of bearing his body up that aisle which he had so often ascended in his native dignity and in the beauty of holiness.

"I should be an unworthy parishioner, pupil, I may say, friend of his, if I allowed myself to defer for a moment to public rumor, on a question of character or principle. I should be forgetful of his example, if I allowed any one to do so who looked to me for counsel and direction. No, gentlemen, let us all, lay or reverend, call to mind his life and his death, and let public rumor blow over us as the idle wind, poisonous only to those who open their senses to receive it."

Mr. Clinton Roosevelt, of this city, has invented a machine which he calls the Pantechna. It occupies but a space of four or five inches square. Originally it was intended for a measurer of water. The amount of water passing through a tube of given capacity in a given time is first ascertained; and then the machine is set in such a manner, that at the end of a certain period it closes the opening for water, and the amount which has passed out is a matter of the simplest calculation. It may be employed in the same way as a measurer of gas. It may also be employed to govern almost any machinery, and to stop its motion at pleasure, at a moment previously determined on. One of the uses of this little affair, is, an application of a system of rockets to policemen on duty, which, to say nothing of its usefulness, would be vastly entertaining of summer nights—in fact keep up a Fourth of July throughout the year.

"In connection with the Police Department, it is intended to place one at each end of a policeman's beat. If the policeman should not come to the machine in time to prevent it, a detent is raised, and down runs a weight which draws the trigger of a percussion lock, which snaps and fires the fuse of a rocket. The rockets are made to contain fire balls of different colors; blue, white, and red; these mark the districts from which they go up, viz.: In the first district nearest the City Hall, on the cupola of which stands

a man on the look-out, there will be on the left hand nearest the North River, say a blue ball seen on the explosion of the rocket. Next a white fire ball, and next a red. Then begin again from the centre line, blue, white, red.

"In the second district there will be, first two blues, then two whites, and next two red; and thus on, changing at length, and interchanging, so that a very few balls will answer to mark every police route in the city, and a policeman in want of help can give an alarm through this medium. The Chief's office being under the City Hall, an immediate report may be made to him, or his Lieutenant, and thus the whole city will be under his constant supervision, so that he may send immediate assistance to any district. It will report also how many hours or minutes any round may have wanted a policeman without firing rockets as well as with. It requires no one but the policeman, whom it is intended to assist, to wind it up; for, if he should not, the time it remains run down will be shown by the hands of the dial.

"The machine will write as well as by the magnetic telegraph—"John Jones wants help in — district."

"It will blow a locomotive whistle, ring a bell, or the like. It will light your fire by a certain hour in the morning, and put it out at night, by very obvious arrangement.

"To such a nice point is the balance of power adjusted that the two fore paws of a mouse pressing on the stop would, if the apparatus were affixed to the machinery of the largest Collins steamer, bring her to an immediate stand, by stopping all her works.

"When we reflect how enormous is the pent-up power in those huge steam generators, and what a dreadful havoc would be created by an explosion, may we not wonder that it is possible to construct a machine like this, which contains one spring so small that it might be easily mistaken for a lady's sewing needle! but on this attenuated thread of steel the whole power of those vast engines would be balanced with perfect scientific certainty."

Mr. Parke Godwin, in a letter to the *Evening Post*, dated Florence, March 16, says, of the artists Power and Page—between whom, by the way, a remarkable similarity of style and conception may be remarked in the higher walks of art—"Among the more distinguished Americans now here, I may mention Power, who is still diligently at work on his busts and ideal groups, gathering fame and money, with every stroke of his chisel. His statue of America, an allegorical design, is nearly put into marble, and is a work of the highest merit. It is a female figure, of excellent proportions, whose right hand points to the skies, while one foot is trampling the sceptre of tyrants, and the hand rests upon a bundle of rods representing the union of the states. There is great animation and dignity in the attitude, and an earnest expression in the face, and the work will do honor to any institution in our country that may be so fortunate as to get the possession of it. Possibly, I hear, Congress may order it for the Capitol. The other statue, intended as an emblem of California, is still in the clay, but enough of it is finished to enable one to say, that it will be a work worthy of the author of the Eve and the Greek Slave. Power has also a large number of busts in hand, and is perpetually solicited to undertake new orders. His prices range higher

than those of any other artist on the continent, and yet he has more than he can do; and indeed he meditates relinquishing that branch of his art altogether, which would be a misfortune, since his busts are the most spirited now made. He is a fine-looking, genial fellow, and has by no means forgotten his country during a foreign residence of fourteen years. Page is here, too, doing little as yet in the way of original painting, but astonishing the world of amateurs and artists by his brilliant copies of Titian, whose masterly use of color he quite rivals. No such copies of this most eminent of the Venetian artists have been before seen in this city, and they are objects of the greatest admiration. I am an imperfect judge in such matters, but I must say, that I do not see that Page's *Bella Donna* and *Flora* are one whit inferior in execution to those of the great master. He paints them *con amore*, for he has a most passionate admiration for Titian, founded upon the most careful study and analysis of his principles of color. I only hope that the orders for these excellent copies will not keep him from that higher use of his pencil, in which he is destined to achieve so much. Kellogg and Nichols are also here, diligently engaged in their profession."

A correspondent of the *Tribune* at Rome, finds the geography of Pio Nono somewhat at fault, in a brief interview:—"The other day, and without our desire or request, came a summons to the Pope, and accordingly we had an audience at the Vatican. He was very affable and pleasant, and has an attractiveness of face and manner which shows a good heart. Poor Pio Nono! He took snuff constantly, dropping it on his white dress; and after informing me that steamers could go from New York to Liverpool in fifteen days, inquired whether they stopped for coal on their passage. He also announced to me that Boston was the greatest city in America—therefore you see that that question is settled forever. But the half-hour in the ante-chamber, while we were waiting for the audience, was the most melancholy of meetings. Amid the pervers, or converts, as they call themselves, all dressed in black, who were waiting, there was that sort of dull, sad whispering, with gloomy chasms of silence, that oppress one while waiting for the clergyman's prayer at a funeral."

Mr. J. O. Halliwell, the Shakspearian editor, has published a pamphlet: "A few Remarks on the Emendation 'Who smother her with painting,' in the play of *Cymbeline*," which we first noticed in the *Literary Gazette*. We have already given Mr. Collier's new reading of his folio alluded to (*Lit. World*, No. 267). Mr. Halliwell applies to it the broad critical test of the poetical spirit of Shakspeare, and certainly succeeds in making a case for the usual reading, on that ground. Says he:—

"In the play of *Cymbeline* (Act 3, sc. 4), *Imogen*, in the agony of her apprehensions respecting *Posthumus*, says,—

"Some jay of Italy,  
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him;  
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion."

"The MS. corrector of the second folio, not being acquainted with the figurative idiomatic phraseology in the second line, which was current under various forms in the dramatic literature of Shakspeare's period, gives



a reading which is unquestionably more suitable to modern hearers, and, under any circumstances, must be considered a verbal alteration of peculiar ingenuity,—

"Some jay of Italy,  
Who smothereth her with painting, hath betray'd him."

"It is unnecessary to observe that she refers to an Italian courtesan, and that the first five words of the second line, whichever reading we adopt, clearly mean that she was the creature of Painting, not of Nature. I am prepared to show that the *original* reading expresses this in grammatical and forcible phraseology, and that it is confirmed by other passages in the works of Shakspeare himself.

"One little word has created any obscurity that might have arisen. Had the phrase run, 'whose mother was painting,' there would scarcely have been any commentary expected or given. The adjunct of *her*, although in strict unison with the style of Shakspeare, sounds at first somewhat harsh, but the meaning of the passage, in the absence of any doubt suggested by the commentators, would have been readily interpreted, 'Some jay (or courtesan) of Italy, the creature of painting, hath betray'd him.' Not only is this kind of imagery usual, but we actually find it introduced into the very next act of this same play,—

"Clo. Thou villain base,  
Know'st me not by my clothes?  
Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,  
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,  
Which, as it seems, make thee.  
*Cymbeline, Act iv. sc. 2.*

"Here is precisely the same thought, and might be expressed in the same terms, 'whose father was his clothing.' A much stronger instance will be found in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i. sc. 2,—

"Let me not live, quoth he,  
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff  
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses  
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are  
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies  
Expire before their fashions."

"There can be little doubt but that a careful examination of our old plays would enable us to quote other passages of similar import, but what is here produced will, it is thought, be sufficient to prove that it was not unusual to refer to the external adornment of the person figuratively as the parent, especially in cases where that adornment was a prominent feature."

The two tests laid down by Mr. Halliwell of Collier's folio are:—

"There are two circumstances under which no manuscript emendation of so late a date as 1632 will be admissible:—

"1. It will not be admissible in any case where good sense can be satisfactorily made of the passage as it stands in the original, even although the correction may appear to give greater force or harmony to the passage.

"2. It will not be admissible in any alteration of an idiomatic passage, where a similar turn of language can be produced in any contemporary writer; and it must be at once rejected, if the like idiom can be discovered

in other parts of the works of Shakspeare himself."

### THE FINE ARTS.

#### EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—NO. III.

If the landscape art of America has not attained the dignity of a school, it is not because there has not been talent enough employed in its cultivation, so much as because the artists have neglected the elements which should give it distinctiveness. American landscape must by its very nature be very different from that of any other country. While in the old world the associations of historical interest add greatly to the painter's material, and together with the subdued state of nature must give a corresponding tone to the feeling for landscape, the artist in the new, looks to the free, unbroken wilderness for the highest expression of the new world motive, and thence with some mingling of human sympathy to the clearing and the log-cabin; and as he approaches more nearly to the haunts of civilization, to that which is old and accustomed, he attains that which is common to all pure landscape painting, and therefore less distinctively American. And this is not merely because there happens to be more wilderness than in Europe, but because the strongest feeling of the American is to that which is new and fresh—to the freedom of the grand old forests—to the energy of the wild life. He may look with interest to the ruins of Italy, but with enthusiasm to the cabin of the pioneer; to that in which our country excels all others, the grandeur of its natural scenes—its boundless expanses and the magnitude of objective. That this distinction does exist is proved by our constantly assuming such pictures as Kensett's *Franconia Mountain Scene*, No. 140, or *Durand's Landscape*, No. 406, as more peculiarly American than others which have less of the elements we have alluded to. But there is danger in following this feeling, of becoming too palpable in the treatment, of relying rather on the attractiveness of the scene than on the artist's own thought and finer feeling, and this seems to us the great problem of our landscape school, viz., to combine the distinctively new-world material with subtlety of thought and treatment—obtaining nature without sacrificing art. In this direction Durand has advanced farther than any other of our landscapists. Faults he has, but easily seen, and the subject of much edifying criticism by conceited young artists; yet not radical or likely to be injurious to the rising school. His fine summer feeling it is not necessary to speak of, or his sense of sunlight, as they must be felt by all who have any love of nature; but there are other excellencies not so well understood generally, because they require some specific knowledge of nature. In his drawing of the tree trunks and the larger limbs and in the rendering of their specific character he is entirely unrivalled—he never confuses the oak with the chestnut or turns out a sort of hybrid which might be either, but is neither. No man gives the broad character of rock so well as he—making it so hard and massive, though Kensett's rock-painting has its excellent qualities as we shall show presently; nor does any man fill his foregrounds so well and judiciously, although Cropsey often gives more careful studies of a certain class of foreground objects; but it does not appear

that more minute definition of such objects would consist with Durand's general finish. In breadth and harmony of arrangement of the masses and in his light and shade he is equally good—he is in fact the only landscape painter we have who understands the true application of the standard of white and black to his pictures, or whose works will engrave as well as they appear in color.

No. 139, the principal picture of the exhibition in this department, will illustrate most of the points we have spoken of, and is a great advance on all his former efforts, displaying powers that had not been before credited to him. It is clearer and more harmonious in color and better in aerial perspective than any previous work, though in this latter respect all his pictures are good. There is a grandeur in the long gorge that fits it well for the scene of the death struggle of the myriads pent up within its walls of living rock, with the furious torrent of the "messengers of wrath" that pours to their destruction. We are glad to escape over that mighty multitude of death-doomed men to the peaceful sunlight of the broad valley beyond, and simply as regards the feeling of the picture there is something exquisitely touching in that passage of golden light which comes stealing up through the cool gloom of the pass; and its value to the color of the picture is very great. It gives a point of relief to both the eye and the mind, without which the picture would be only a scene of carnage and terrible agony; but this added gives token of a quiet world without. The expression of retreating space in the range of cliffs at the left is very fine; you feel that each inch of the canvas carries you farther into the distance. The tumultuous, agitated clouds over head and around the lightning-illuminated peak are in fine contrast to the dreamy repose of the clouds that lie over the far off hills and the ascending smoke of the altars. To our mind this is the noblest landscape ever painted in America, both in greatness of conception and thoughtfulness of treatment. There is nothing in the picture thrown away or any part without immediate value in reference to its central idea, and there are many excellent points which space will not permit us to treat of.

Cropsey is not so well represented by his large pictures of this year as usual, but some of his smaller ones are very favorable exponents of his talent. Cropsey's sense of color approaches more nearly to idealism than that of any other landscape artist we have, and there are passages both of foreground and distance exceedingly rich and harmonious. No. 234, "The River of the Water of Life," contains instances of both, and the whole is very delightful in its impression of warmth. One of his most fascinating qualities, though belonging to the mechanical part of the art, is the facility and delicacy of his painting of foreground objects, particularly plants, and we have seen nothing of any school so truthful to their generic characteristics as parts of his foreground. While they are almost botanical in their accuracy, they are never hard or linear, nor do they have any air of intrusion, as though they were put there to display the artist's skill; but are on the contrary indicative of real affection towards them, and at the same time of careful study of nature. His treatment is generally broad and massive, and evinces thorough discipline of mind in his ways of regarding his subjects. He is very unequal, as is always the case with men of

strong feeling, both in different pictures and in parts of the same picture; but in all there is a fine appreciation of the sentiment of nature in its particular moods and phases.

Cropsey is commonly considered an imitator of Cole, and it would be surprising if with so similar a frame of mind and under the study of the same material, there should not have arisen a habit of looking at nature with the same aim. That he wilfully imitates Cole we do not think; but that he has been influenced by him to too great a degree is evident, and to a greater extent than is consistent with his own originality. It is not enough to say that he feels the points of similarity as much as Cole did; but the fact that Cole felt and rendered them should be sufficient to make Cropsey leave them, unless he can render them better than Cole, because what has been once done needs no repetition and makes time spent in that direction thrown away. The artist is not limited in his thought. If we might make a suggestion to him, it would be to avoid with the greatest care whatever subjects Cole has ever treated—he has feeling and power enough to succeed in a way which will provoke no comparisons.

Kensett has done excellently well in No. 140; better to our mind than in anything he has hitherto painted. There is a grand, solemn feeling in the sweep of those mountain lines and the melting distance that is thoroughly characteristic of American scenery and gives the spectator an impression like that of the wilderness itself. There is in this artist's pictures an impression of earnestness and sincerity, and of full employment of his powers, that will make them valuable as long as they endure. His knowledge and representation of those characters of mountain scenery in which he has studied is exceedingly accurate. Kensett's studies are almost proverbial for their minute faithfulness, particularly those of rocks, of which he gives the external markings with a carefulness which amounts to a fault, because he loses in them the broad rock character, which is more essential. So far as weather-marks, color, and the lichens and mosses are concerned, he is right; but in nature it is rather the hardness of the granite, and its massive qualities that strike us, than the fact that it is stained and overgrown with lichen. Compare, for instance, the rocks to the left of No. 140 with those on the near left hand mass of rocks in No. 139, and you feel at once how much more flinty Durand's representation is than Kensett's. With the latter the accidental markings are more prominent than the more essential traits of the material. Then why will not Mr. Kensett give us some sunlight! His pictures are never sultry, never glowing with the light that is the great feature of nature, and even in that which we have instanced, though the sky is luminous, and the distance sunny enough, the whole middle distance and foreground are murky and heavy. The supplying of this deficiency would make his pictures immeasurably more valuable. No. 417 is quite unworthy him, especially the water, and the foliage of the right hand bank, which is hard and coarse.

Church is an artist of whom very much may be expected, if he will but apply himself to the disciplining of his faculties. Good pictures cannot be made without deep thought, and however great an artist's talent, he will never succeed in impressing himself entirely on his age without careful elabora-

tion and application of those principles that are the foundation of Art. Church is an original, striking genius, and in his own peculiar feeling and powers, is unequalled by any living artist with whose works we are acquainted. We doubt if the artist lives whose conception of individual fact is so distinct and correct, or who has finer perception of refined landscape forms. His skies are most admirable in all that pertains to cloud-form, or characteristic distinction, and the individual parts of his pictures are full of the qualities of nature; but as wholes they lack breadth and system, not giving a single and united impression. His treatment is palpable, not subtle or studied, and the whole seems rather the result of natural feeling than close thought. It is an infallible rule, that the greater the talent the more profound must be the study which develops it, and if Mr. Church will exert himself in proportion to his native power, we believe he will be one of the lights of our rising school, but if not, equal will be his degradation. He should accustom himself more to largeness of manner in his studies; he has now an excellent foundation to build on, unaffected and right so far as it goes.

Wotherspoon and Innes may be considered as men of considerable natural talent, ruined by false and affected methods. Both have evidently fine feeling for color, but have allowed it to run away with them, and thus their pictures have become shallow affectations of that which is at best superficial to Art—the accomplishment, not the substance. What the condition of that mind can be which will resign, not only all nature, but even all that is most valuable in art, to a tone of color, we cannot conceive. The artist's mission is to interpret nature; what, then, is he who contents himself with studio concoctions as blank and wanting in the truths of nature as the canvases they are painted on? certainly not an artist in his results, though he were a Michael Angelo in power, and a Titian in color. We would like to ask the artist of No. 465 what object in nature the columnar form that rises from the foreground, nearly to the top of the canvas, somewhat to the left, is intended to represent? "It's very like a whale."

And this is what nineteen out of twenty of our artists get by going to Italy. Mr. Innes was once an artist of great power and promise, and even in his short absence he has acquired weakness and degradation.

We look to Gifford as one who will have a great influence on American landscape, when he shall have arrived at the full expression of his motives. His feeling for the higher qualities of landscape, space, light, and refinement of form, are more than indicated in his present works, and when he shall have overcome the feebleness of execution, which is always found with earnest, diffident feeling and high aim, he will express himself with the greater decision and correctness; and if he pursue the course of study which his own feeling must point out to him, he will certainly attain to high power. We have no young artist more sincere in his feeling, or less corrupted by erroneous ideas; but he must study detail, especially with reference to particular character, in his foliage and foreground objects. In No. 345, he seems to have recognised this necessity, and has made a most excellent picture, having nothing in its way to ask for. Note particularly the truth of the terraced character of the distant

Catakills, certainly the best representation of them we have ever seen, and the simplicity and fidelity of the field with the springing grain in the foreground.

There are a number of landscapes of the German school in the exhibition, which, so far as their principles are concerned, may be treated together. Perhaps the most striking peculiarity of German landscape is the singular coincidence in the pictures, nearly all having a mass of light near the centre of the picture, and every other part of the scene being dark and low in tone, sometimes to an offence, as in the "Valley in the Alps," No. 37, where the shadow is excessively heavy and black. The artists feel the necessity of sunlight, and in order to give the true relief they lower the great mass of the picture to an impossible depth, for open daylight, and thus obtain a partial truth through a general falsehood. And here lies the whole root of the evil of German landscape art, that the artist considers himself at perfect liberty to mend or improve nature to his own liking, and does it according to well established rules, thus conforming the fair face of the material world to the doctrines of his particular academy rather than using it as the book to learn new laws and truths from; and so he limits himself always by the line of that which was previously known. In No. 410, the "Norwegian Forest," this peculiarity is less noticeable, because it is not exaggerated, and because it occurs in a scene in which it has all the appearance of a happy accident. But it is evident in the impossible depth of the passage of sky above, and if there had been a gleam of distance showing through the thicket, the German must have betrayed his academicism; but so apt has been the choice of the close, gloomy subject, that we feel no deficiency, and receive the impression of a perfect picture, and so overlook the feeling that could shut us up in an unhealthy swamp-hole, without a loophole of escape or a glimpse of the world beyond; and blackened even the little sky that would have been so precious, in consideration of the marvellous truthfulness of that which he has given us. The sentiment of the picture, though by no means so elevated as that of Durand's, will appeal more directly to the general mind, and to those who neither know or care for the principles of Beauty, which are those of Art, the German's will always be the more pleasing picture, while those who, on the contrary, do not estimate a picture by the accuracy of imitation, but by its appeal to the higher faculties of the human mind, will prefer the work of our own true, noble artist. Other works we shall only have room to mention. No. 433, by G. A. Baker, has some excellent sunlight, color, and drawing of tree-trunks; 439, S. H. Sexton, is earnest, sincere, and inimitable in some qualities of foliage and water; 440, S. Coleman, is promising, but negligent in study and awkward in composition. The artist had better confine himself to views and studies awhile. No. 392, by E. Ruggles, is full of light and picturesque feeling. A pencil drawing by Darley, No. 300, is what might be expected from him, excellent in character and drawing. The perception of the peculiar characteristics of the animals is as good as that of the human figure in his previous works. The freedom and felicity of the execution is not the least admirable quality. Darley is one of our very best artists; and, except Mount, there is none who can draw so expressively and tho-



roughly well, and few who are so earnest and conscientious in their treatment, and we are glad to welcome him to the exhibition-room. The drawing should have had a more favorable place on the walls than the one it has, in which it can be seen only with some difficulty.

An idea, often talked of in New York, is, we have reason to believe, about to take visible form and shape. A Bronze Equestrian Statue of Washington has been projected, to be the joint work of the sculptors Greenough and Brown, who have already commenced the designs for the work. The military costume of the Revolution is to be preserved, and a height of fourteen feet for the statue exclusive of the pedestal, is contemplated. We have not heard that the site for the work is yet determined on, but presume the location will be one of the new up-town squares. What is most to the point, the work is in the hands of the best artists, and its pecuniary basis is secured by the large subscriptions of many of our most wealthy citizens.

The pictures belonging to the late Philip Hone were sold last week. The entire amount of the sale was \$7,409. The best known of the pictures offered were the *Anne Page*, *Slender*, and *Shallow* by Leslie, painted for Mr. Hone, on a hundred guinea order in 1825. It has recently been engraved by the American Art-Union. It was purchased by Mr. John Wolfe of this city, for \$840. In London, we presume its value would be three hundred guineas. A companion piece, the *Dull Lecture*, by Gilbert Stuart Newton, rich in color and finely handled in the character of the old sage and the sleeping lady—also in process of engraving by the Art-Union, brought \$700, scarcely half of its transatlantic value. A small sea-view was offered as a Turner, but its authenticity was generally doubted. There was a good *Doughty*, the *Delaware Water-Gap*, in his older and stronger style, which brought the moderate price of \$140. There were four paintings by Cole, the *Falls of the Kauterskill*, *Still Lake*, *Lake and Mountain*, and the *Subsiding of the Waters*, which brought the aggregate of \$725.

One of Mount's best pictures, which once belonged to the late Henry Brevoort, is to be seen at Williams & Stevens, in Broadway—"Raffling for a Goose"—a Long Island indoor winter scene, painted with freshness and effect, and finely discriminated in character. There is a fine healthful human tone in the faces, which gives elevation and permanent interest to the subject.

Mr. John W. Audubon, the artist, has commenced the publication of a series of Illustrations of his Mexican and California Tours; the admirable letter-press of which we reserve for notice in another department of our paper. The engravings are of the large quarto size, and are finely executed lithographs by Gildemeister, from drawings by Mr. Audubon, which have the authenticity of the camera lucida. A *Fourth of July Camp*, a *Night Watch*, the *Cañon Jesu Maria*, and the *Village of that name* are the well chosen subjects of the four engravings in the first number. They are richly colored, and have each of them a genuine sentiment. The terraced little town of *Jesu Maria* would be a brilliant picture among M.

Sattler's picturesque Austrian Alps. Mr. Audubon appeals to the public for the continuance of this enterprise, but there can surely be no doubt of its success.

[The following paper is translated for the Literary World from a book published some years since in Düsseldorf, under the title of "Blicke in das Düsseldorf'sche Künstler- und Künstlerleben von Friedrich von Uechtritz" (Glances at Art and Artist-life in Düsseldorf). Its sketches cannot fail to interest the reader:]

#### DÜSSELDORF AND THE ARTISTS.

The faithful perseverance, the industry, the spirituality, and solidity which distinguish the Düsseldorf school, but particularly its teacher and master, who has understood how to awaken these qualities and put them into action, were brought by it from the old Prussian provinces whence it derives its origin. Schadow had, already, supported by government, gathered around him a few pupils whose artistic cultivation was to him an object of affectionate solicitude; his reputation as an instructor might be termed distinguished, and several of his scholars, particularly Hübner and Hildebrand, had already won, by their pictures in the exhibitions of Berlin, most honorable notice, when his nomination to the directorship of the Düsseldorf Academy opened to him a wider and more comprehensive sphere of action. All his former, more distinguished pupils declared themselves prepared to follow their beloved teacher to his new home;—a youthful artist, full of talent, who had not yet enjoyed the instructions of Schadow, the painter Karl Friedrich Lessing, joined them. Attended by a train of artists so deserving and so full of promise, Schadow established himself in Düsseldorf.

A more intimate acquaintance with the soil to which the school was transplanted is desirable.

Düsseldorf is a city containing nearly 30,000 inhabitants, that is, if we include the suburbs, which may rather be considered as separate villages. The streets are clean and moderately wide; the houses elegant, but for the most part rather slightly built; a character of newness, of recent construction, an absence of effort directed towards the attainment of durability, are perceptible, and indicate a bias towards a cheerful and somewhat frivolous mode of life. The city, open at all points, or, at least not surrounded by walls, loses itself, in the direction of the Hofgarten, almost insensibly, in its delightful and gracefully laid out promenades; on another side it is bounded by the Rhine. The opposite side of the Rhine, and the shore on this side, beyond the Hofgarten, present to our view a level and fruitful region covered with gardens and fields of grain. On the right side of the river, somewhat more than half a mile from the city, rise the Grafenberg with their shady woods; a favorite resort of the Düsseldorf artists for the purposes of exercise or study. About two miles behind these hills, the so called "Gestein," a curious rocky ravine sinking suddenly from the upper level, allures us into the mysterious solitude of its forest life, to its caverns, and its water plants of luxuriant growth. Here is often seen, for weeks and months together, a little colony of artists, established in the mill at its entrance, and making shift to live as they can.

The environs of Düsseldorf, notwithstanding these isolated attractions, can by no means be celebrated as particularly favored by nature. The soil inclines to sandy; the green of the vegetation and foliage has, as is

always the result, a certain harsh and dry tone of color; it wants that refreshing moisture the absence of which I, at least, always regret, and which can impart even to a perfectly level region so great a charm. The uniform garden hedges over-topped by fruit trees, between which, more or less, the traveler must pass, in whatever direction his way may lead, give to these environs, in some degree, even a character of littleness. The reader must, on no account, represent to himself the woods of which we have just spoken, as a kind of primeval forest, with majestic, heaven-high oaks and beeches. Cultivation has made too great progress on the Rhine to allow of our meeting quite so easily with a forest in its full beauty. The woods in the neighborhood of Düsseldorf bear the same proportion to a forest of this description, as its houses, to the massive buildings, constructed for eternity, of many other cities.

But the deficiency of the Düsseldorf region in subjects for the painter, particularly the landscape painter, is most abundantly compensated by the neighborhood of the never to be sufficiently celebrated shores of the Rhine and its tributary streams, from Bonn upwards. The beauty, richness, and variety of these shores are too well known and too universally acknowledged, to render any detailed description of them necessary. I limit myself, therefore, to the remark, that Nature, in these regions, however graceful and even grand she may appear, nowhere presents herself under an aspect so mighty in massive sublimity, and dazzling splendor of color, as to debar all exercise of imagination on the part of the artist, as I apprehend, is often the case with the most peculiar and characteristic scenery of Switzerland and Italy. The most advantageous material for the artist is, if I may use the expression, a certain *middle Nature*, as far removed from needy poverty as from too striking effect and overpowering expression. Scenery like that of Switzerland, for example, has, in itself, such significance that Art rises, with difficulty, above an imperfect imitation and copy.

The whole valley of the Rhine, upwards from Cologne, is a continual architectural monument of a devout and warlike, pious, and, at the same time, lawless and barbarous past.

The great advantages offered to the landscape painter by this affluence of ruins and antiquities, with a back ground of scenery, rich in beauty, are self-evident. Their connection, and, as it were, interbranching with the gayest life of the present, full of variety, and elevated above the common and paltry, must also be particularly welcome to the genre painter.

The Düsseldorf artists are not backward in appropriating the treasures spread before their view. Particularly in the autumn, little caravans of them cover the roads along the Rhine. While the genre painter delights in the gay and lively pursuits of the day, the landscape painter turns, as soon as possible, away from the cultivated and modernized highway. In the loneliest of the adjacent valleys, on the tops of dizzily overhanging rocks, he may be seen, busily engaged with his pencil and sketch-book.

The cities on the Rhine are connected together by a mutual intercourse of so intimate a nature, the diligence and steam-vessel flit so restlessly from place to place, the means of transportation are so convenient and, in

proportion, so cheap, that we may, in a manner, consider the whole as one immense city, whose suburbs, however, lie somewhat distant one from another. Among these, Düsseldorf, by means of varied and multiplied external relations, in connection with the quicker blood and greater activity which distinguish the inhabitants of the Rhine country, has succeeded in avoiding altogether, or at least preventing the burdensome excess of that dull languor peculiar to a small city, and which often prevails even in those of medium size. From this state of things, Düsseldorf is also protected by another circumstance. This is the unusual multiplicity and variety of its social relations. The rich nobility of the neighbourhood, who spend the winter there, and, particularly during the Carnival, give many entertainments, the Court of Prince Frederick of Prussia, which throws upon these higher circles of society the reflected splendor of royalty;—on the other hand, the wealthier inhabitants of the city, several of the higher military and civil authorities, official persons, among whom are men like Immermann and Schnaase, and, finally, the world of artists:—all these move among each other in circles, disunited, it is true, yet having, more or less, their mutual points of contact. And it is this exclusiveness, particularly as regards the Düsseldorf artists, which is to be considered as a predominant feature. Their union with other circles is only momentary and superficial, yet, upon the whole, sufficient to prevent a petty and narrow-minded sinking into a circumscribed habit of thought. It is not to be doubted that it is exactly this separation and removal from all the distracting occupations of life, which, although it may have occasionally contributed to the idyllic poverty which we perceive, at times, in the productions of this school, yet, on the other hand, has exercised a very beneficial influence upon its development.

Before I pass to a closer description of the life of the Düsseldorf artists, I have to mention an important power acting upon it from without, and which may, perhaps, be considered as of greater weight in regard to the future of the Düsseldorf school, than any thing which has yet been mentioned. This actuating power is ecclesiastical. One perceives in Düsseldorf far more, for example, than in Trèves, that one is in a catholic country. There may still be seen a few venerable Jesuit fathers wandering through the lanes of the city; the influence of the clergy makes itself felt as a power by no means insignificant; processions, bearing images of the saints, wind through streets strewn with flowers and adorned with small altars; in short, sufficient elements are present, to give a catholic direction to a school growing up amid such associations. The elder artists are, it is true, almost all protestants; the director himself and most of the younger pupils, coming, almost without exception, from catholic regions, are connected with the Romish church. These circumstances have, already, been not without influence upon the progressive development of the Düsseldorf school.

And here I would fain guard against the possibility of being so greatly misunderstood as to be supposed, because I am myself a protestant, to look upon this influence as in every case despotic and questionable. Notwithstanding the heartfelt conviction with which I pay homage to the profoundest

principles of protestantism, I cannot conceal from myself that the art of painting is in its inmost nature like sculpture, an art of the ancient world, and essentially catholic. I do not, by any means, however, intend to assert that this renders the existence of a significant and peculiar protestant Art impossible; indeed, my book is, to a certain degree, devoted to the more direct carrying out of this truth. Yet, it appears to me unquestionable, that the highest degree of perfection which is possible to the art of the painter, lies on the side of the catholic Church. We cannot so easily hope for a protestant Raphael.

Having made my readers in some degree acquainted with the exterior relations of the Düsseldorf school, under the influence of which it has attained its present state of universally acknowledged prosperity, I now turn to a closer observation of the general manner of life adopted by the Düsseldorf artists, and the position occupied by the majority of them, in a social, moral, æsthetic and scientific point of view. Only he who mistakes entirely, the essence of Art, and still more that of the times in which we live, can possibly doubt that an acquaintance with this position must materially contribute towards a better understanding of the performances of the school, particularly with regard to their spiritual and intellectual significance. Art, so far as it is genuine, is, to all time, an outpouring of man's innermost nature, not merely the careless play of superficial outward talent. There are, however, periods when the same customs and views of life, and the same faith so far prevail, that an acquaintance with the period in general, includes that of the peculiar position of the artist, at least in its more important particulars. To fathom the nature and essence of the works of Art which appear during such a period, scarcely more is necessary than the study of this general character. The present time, however, belongs not to this class. Its outward costume is, certainly, much more uniform than that of those earlier epochs. We cannot now, as then, recognize at the first glance, and distinguish the merchant, the noble, the Jew, merely by their different attire. But its inner nature is far more varied and diversified. Into this inner nature, into the depths of this personality, we must direct our view, if we would, in any degree, acquire a well-founded knowledge of an artist of our days, and of his productions.

(To be continued.)

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

##### AMERICAN.

REUDOLPH GARRIGUE, 2 Barclay street, has just published the *third* edition of the *Iconographic Encyclopedia*. A pamphlet, explanatory of the work, may be had on application at the publisher's.

Messrs. BANGS, BROTHER & Co. commence the sale on Monday, May 10, of a variety of consignments. The catalogue, now ready, contains the best collection of English books yet offered this spring. Messrs. H. G. Bohn, W. S. Orr & Co., H. Washbourne, Cundall & Addey, Henry Renshaw, Griffin & Co., Leighton & Son, Ingram, Cooke & Co., and others, are well represented. There is a copy of the "Pitti Gallery," and copies of the *Encyclopedia Metropolitana*, the *Penny Cyclopædia*, *Hoagarth's Works*, *Mrs. Loudon's Works*, *Charles Knight's Shakespeare*, are numerous.

H. BAILLIÈRE, Broadway, will shortly publish a new work by Quekett, the eminent Microscopist, entitled "*Lectures on His-*

tiology," delivered at the Royal College of Surgeons of England, illustrated in the same beautiful style as his "*Scientific Library*." Histology, our readers know, is the application of the microscope to the analysis of Animal and Vegetable Structures, Tissues, &c.

Graham's *Chemistry—the Inorganic*—recently published by Mr. Baillière, has been reduced in price to \$8 instead of \$5, in consequence of having been reprinted. The work has been elaborated and brought up to the present time with all the care and learning of the author. The woodcuts and typography are such as mark the finest English books.

Volume II. of this work is in preparation by the author for Mr. Baillière, who is making arrangements with a practical American chemist to add such matter, notes, &c., as will enhance its value to the American public, and at the same time secure the copyright to Mr. Baillière.

V. G. AUDUBON, Esq., 34 Liberty street, has commenced the publication of a new work on Mexico and California, which bears the title, "*Illustrated Notes of an Expedition through Mexico and California*," by J. W. Audubon. Part I., folio, 48 pages letter-press and 5 plates colored, is now ready. Ten parts will complete the work. Among the plates of Part I. are "*A Camping Ground*," "*The Village of Jesu Maria*," and the *Cañon of Jesu Maria*. An account of one of those extraordinary cañons, as immense fissures in the earth, peculiar to Mexico, are called, is given in Lieut. Simpson's Military Survey of New Mexico, Texas, &c., lately reviewed in *Blackwood*. The cañon of Chelly Lieut. Simpson estimated to be in some places 800 feet deep. He entered it. At the mouth the walls were low, but proceeding as far as three miles, the depth increased to 350 feet, with a width varying from 150 to 250 feet. The bottom was of heavy sand, and the walls seemed as if made by art.

Messrs. LEAVITT & ALLEN, 27 Dey street, have in press and will speedily publish, "*Woodbury's Eclectic German Reader*, consisting of choice selections from the best German Writers, with copious references to the author's Grammatical Works; to which is added a complete Vocabulary." One volume 12mo.

Messrs. GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, have in press—*The History of Banking*; with a Comprehensive Account of the Origin, Rise, and Progress of the Banks of England, Ireland, and Scotland, by W. J. Lawson: revised, with additional matter, by J. Smith Homans. The book will be an 8vo. of about 360 pages. Messrs. G. & L. will publish the further vols. of *Chambers's Pocket Miscellany*, one every month, at the low price of 20 cents each.

Badlam's Common School Writing Books, Nos. 6, 7, and 8, which will complete that series of educational works, are now printing from copper-plates, and will soon be ready for the Trade. R. B. COLLINS, Pearl st., Publisher. A new and cheap edition of James's *Æsop's Fables*, with engravings, handsomely copied from this edition as published by Mr. Murray, was issued by Mr. Collins last week.

Messrs. J. A. & U. P. JAMES, Cincinnati, have sent us their Catalogue of Books, published by them at that place. On 30 pages, large 12mo., are enumerated many good books. Collins's Kentucky, Palmer's Oregon, Furber's and Hughes's Accounts of Mexico, Caldwell's Unity of the Human Race, Guides for the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, the Western Farmer, are all original publications.

The southern mail last week, brought news of the death of Prof. B. B. Edwards, late of Andover Theological Seminary, at Athens, Georgia, where he had been residing since last autumn. He was formerly editor of the *Quarterly Register*, the *Biblical Repository*, and



the *Bibliotheca Sacra*. He wrote a Memoir of Cornelius; Self-Taught Men, a Series of Biographical Sketches; edited the Memoirs of Henry Martyn; translated from the German Kuhn's Greek Grammar; Selections from German Theological Writings; Essays on Greek Literature; prepared various school books; and contributed a large number of sermons, reviews, essays, &c., to the current publications.

## FOREIGN.

The Archaeological Congress of France will be held next June, at Dijon.

The sums collected for a people's monument to Sir R. Peel, amount to £1,737 (about \$8,500); at 1d. each, this represents 400,000 subscribers.

Turner and his Works, by John Burnet, Esq., and Peter Cunningham, Esq., will now be published by Mr. Bogue in a week or two. The prices fixed are, artist's proofs, £5. 5s.; ordinary copies, £1. 11s. 6d.

A new edition of Brande's Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art, has been published by Longmans. Announced by them for May, in addition to books mentioned in our last No., is a Thesaurus of English Words, intended to Assist in Literary composition, by Dr. Roget.

John Murray has just published the Nautical Almanac for 1855, with a Supplement.

Colburn has just put forth—Miss Pardoe's Life of Marie de Medici, wife of Henry IV.; The Literature and Romance of Northern Europe, by William and Mary Howitt; and a Treatise on Naval Architecture, by Lord R. Montagu.

Mr. Bentley announces as immediately forthcoming, reprints of two American books, viz.: The Wanderer in Syria, by G. W. Curtis, and Miss Cooper's translation of "A Journey to Iceland." "The Melvilles," by the Author of "John Drayton," and a new book by Mrs. Romer, Memoirs of the Last Dauphiness, the Duchess of Angoulême, are in press by the same publisher.

Messrs. Cundall, Addey & Co. were to commence issuing, April 30, in monthly parts, Grimm's Household Stories. Eight will complete the book, which will be enriched by thirty engravings from drawings by that gifted artist Wehnert.

Mr. Maitland's "Eight Essays on Various Subjects," in small 8vo., has just appeared from the Rivingtons' press. A new edition of the "Dark Ages," is now ready.

Messrs. Virtue & Co. announce as in preparation "The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon, a History," by Thomas Wright, Esq., with illustrations by Fairholt. Also, a book by Mrs. Traill, late Miss Strickland, entitled "The Canadian Crusades, a Tale of Rice Lake."

A series of Tableaux Vivants, representing Historically some of the most famous pictures of the greatest artists, was enacted recently at Stuttgart, under the auspices of Musicians and Painters. Löwe composed the prelude, and between the pictures, music from Mozart, Beethoven and Weber was performed, under the direction of Lindpainter.

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